

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY.
310 West Colfax Avenue, South Bend, Indiana

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana

BY CARRIER.
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$5.00
Daily, single copy 10c
Sunday, single copy 5c

BY MAIL.
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$4.00
Daily, in advance, per year \$3.00

If your name appears in the telephone directory you can telephone for want "ad" to The News-Times office and a bill will be mailed after its insertion. Home phone 1151; Bell phone 2100.

CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN
Foreign Advertising Representatives.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Advertising Building, Chicago.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, DECEMBER 29, 1913.

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

The speech of David J. Lewis in the house Dec. 23 on why Uncle Sam should take over the wire service (telegraph and telephone) is unanswerable. We hope you will write to him for a copy and study it carefully—it will astound you. Just as samples, note these high points:

For both telegrams and messages by phone we pay the highest rates in the world, and our service is the worst.

Paying from 25 cents to a dollar for 10 words by telegraph we average only one telegram and a tenth a year, whereas in New Zealand, with its cent-a-word rate, the average is eight telegrams per capita a year—private monopoly cheats itself as well as the public by its greed.

Phone rates are even worse. The public is charged six-sevenths as much for long-distance service as the railroads charge for hauling a ton of freight over a right of way many times as expensive to install, maintain and operate. We pay six times as much for equal service as Germans pay. Our local phone rates average twice as high as those in continental European cities, and the service is no better.

As to efficiency, Uncle Sam's postal service ranks second in the world's list, crowding Belgium's; but among the telephone systems of 16 countries that of the Bell system ranks ninth. Not only is private ownership expensive; it is also inefficient. It's crazy that Uncle Sam couldn't do the job as well as a false cry which only those believe who haven't investigated.

On this basis of fact, what reason is there for delaying taking the wire business over, or so much of it as is worth while?

Lewis shows moreover it can be done at about twice the cost of the Panama canal, and with an immediate saving of more than enough to pay the interest charge and retire the principal within a few years, meanwhile giving an improved service at a reduced price.

PROGRESS OF AVIATION.

Statistics prepared by a Paris authority indicate that the popular estimate of the cost of aviation in human life is exaggerated, though the death rate is still high compared with other dangerous occupations. Since 1908 there has been a remarkable decrease in mortality due to accidents.

Another interesting and significant thing revealed by these statistics is the rapid increase in the number of aviators. Compared with this increase the proportion of deaths by accident has reached a small percentage. From fine aviators, a total of 1,600 kilometers flown and one death in 1908 the proportion of deaths was by 1912 reduced to 140 for 5,800 aviators who flew over a total distance of twenty million kilometers.

This gives the average of one death for every 1,600 kilometers in 1908 and death for every 140,000 kilometers in 1912. The progress in the science of aerial navigation is apparent. Experience and inventive genius are gradually reducing it to the safety plane of surface transportation, and we may confidently anticipate that in a few years one will step into a flying machine with the same assurance and confidence that he now enters a railroad train or trolley car, boards a steamship or rides in an automobile.

Stability is the thing to be attained. The operation of the heavier than air machine and the nature of the air currents are well understood. The former has reached the marvelous in the stunts performed by experts and the influences of the latter on the machine are known. Strength and steadiness must be added.

Just now Italy is entering the lists with a non-capsizeable aeroplane. It is constructed entirely of metal and equilibrators are attached to the body of the machine. Experiments in the same direction are being made in this country. We cannot doubt that at least the steadiness of a boat in water will be obtained. When this is accomplished all but the extraordinary dangers of aerial navigation will have been overcome.

THE SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

Alfred H. Fried, the distinguished German pacifist, has taken occasion to speak of the American policy toward Japan in the California case, toward Great Britain in the canal toll matter, and toward Mexico in its present disturbed state as the supreme peace achievements of the year.

The sober second thought and the soft answer so conspicuous in this policy are regarded by the eminent German publicist as evidences of the highest conception of international relations, and he compares it with the prevailing European policy to the disadvantage of the latter. "It has been properly recognized there (in the United States)" says Mr. Fried, "that it isn't the main thing to settle every conflict on a strict basis of rights, but to give conflicts such character that

they can be settled by sensible means, either arbitration or compromise."

The best means to attain that end, Mr. Fried thinks, is to exclude passions which naturally arise from international differences—passions which are the chief menace to amicable settlement. The success of the American policy he holds teaches that heated passion are most effectively obliterated by temporizing. In the California case, in the toll matter, and with Mexico, Pres. Wilson and Secy. Bryan have avoided forcing conclusions. The element of time is regarded by them as less valuable than a peaceful settlement and being absolutely without passion themselves they have given the other nations interested no fuel to feed their passions on.

Patience and persistence may be added to the elements which constitute the present international policy. The United States refuses to be forced into ruptures, but at the same time bores in with its instant determination to carry its point though it may be at the cost of some concession. The sober second thought and the soft answer are doing their perfect work and setting an example for our hot and hasty neighbors across the water.

VINDICATION OF THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The vindication of the mother-in-law is proceeding. Truth crushed to earth and sat upon for untold ages is arising to the perpendicular. In time the mother-in-law will cease to be the goat.

Look at the record of the Chicago court of domestic relations. Only six per cent of the divorce and other marital troubles coming to the attention of the court in 1913 could be by the most prejudiced construction traced to the mother-in-law. On the contrary—and we have no wish to conceal it—many cases of domestic trouble were traceable to the father-in-law.

The father-in-law, the sly old dog, has kept his own counsel and permitted the mother-in-law to bear the bulk of the burden while he posed as but little less than an angel. The old judicial system of treating domestic relations, the same as any other litigation permitted the father-in-law to remain for a long time concealed behind the skirts of his patient and unselfish wife, but his duplicity is at last exposed and he must take the consequences. Hereafter, if justice prevails, mother will be a welcome guest at any time, but father will be persona non grata.

Let the old man stay at home while mother visits John and Mary and the children and let him beware how by word or act he essays to poison the mind of John or Mary, as the case may be, against the other. The old villain! He is worse than a goat, for a goat is an object of sympathy. He is a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing.

Mrs. Madeline Force Astor has placed a window in a New York church in memory of her husband, Col. John Jacob Astor, who went down with the Titanic. No nobler example of heroism has been given by the world than that of the man who stepped back and gave the women and children the first opportunity to enter the boats.

Our young Mr. Erler will go ringing down the corridors of time as the only American citizen on record who admits that he cannot afford to take public office. The mental process by which Mr. Erler reached this conclusion might be profitably studied by his more aspiring fellow citizens.

The restoration of Mrs. Ella Flag Young to the superintendency of the Chicago schools was a spasm of virtue to which the windy city is not habitually addicted. Nevertheless it must be accepted as additional evidence that there is good in everything.

Secy. Houston of the agricultural department has appointed a commission to ascertain the cause of the high cost of meats. The commission will endeavor to discover whether there is an actual shortage of supply or whether the packers have something up their sleeves.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw may be characterized as a near militant. She calls upon all suffragists to refuse to turn in their personal property for taxes until they are given the ballot. Somebody should have a heart to heart talk with the doctor.

Denunciations of the administration's Philippine policy will have little effect either on public sentiment or on the progress of that policy. The American people are gaining confidence in Pres. Wilson's conservative progressiveness.

Reductions in rates and increase in weight of packages are announced for the parcel post. The rapid growth

STATESMEN REAL AND NEAR

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—Sen. John Sharp Williams of Mississippi has a bright young son who is 18 and apiece with all the latest things in nifty apparel. One of the young man's favorite sartorial devices is a modish little green velvet hat with a bow attached aft, and a bare suggestion of a brim—one of those hats such as have lately swept over almost the entire country, ignoring state lines and social barriers. The Williamses had allowed the hat to come into the house and when not in use it was likely to be found furring contentedly on the rack along with the rest of the hats.

Now, Sen. Williams is notoriously absent-minded and never knows what hat he is picking up when he starts out of the house. He is lucky if he remembers to put on any hat at all. The one he really aims to wear, though, is a statesman-like old slouch hat of the type congressmen have worn in the cartoonists' drawings ever since we have had congressmen. That is the only hat he looks natural in.

One morning he started away in a hurry and you can guess, maybe, what happened. When he entered the senate wing of the capitol, two colored employees who were passing took one look and burst right out into hearty laughs. They couldn't help it. The elevator man managed to control himself, but he smiled in a way that began to get old John Sharp Williams mad. On the next floor a doorman chuckled out loud and the senator became really angry. He looked himself over to see if he had anything on himself, but he had spilled nothing on himself, but could see nothing to occasion so much ribald merriment. As he proceeded into the senate cloakroom, he saw one or three colleagues give him a strange look. They did not laugh or even smile, because they happened to be senators who rarely smile lest it should not conform to senatorial dignity, but the funny glances gave him a queer feeling.

When he got to the door of his room, he looked himself over to see what was missing. When he took off his hat he found out. And he was in a vicious humor all the rest of the day. That night when he got home he slammed the little green velvet hat on the rack and jumped all over his son.

"But father," suggested the younger Mr. Williams, "how can you blame me? Did I tell you to wear my hat?" "The point is," retorted John Sharp, "that there shouldn't be such a hat as that in the house."

Admiral Robert E. Peary, the north pole man, is often seen lately going about the streets of Washington wearing a big overcoat.

There would be nothing astonishing about that except for the fact that until this winter Peary rarely if ever wore an overcoat when walking. For the first year or two after he returned from the Arctic regions he couldn't bring himself to bundle up in an overcoat in so mild a climate as this. It was not only that he didn't feel the need of it, but he liked the physical freedom of being overcoatless. But everybody he met remarked to him:

"I see you haven't on any overcoat. I suppose the winters here do seem dreadfully hot to you."

After you've had the same remark made to you a few thousand times, you naturally get tired hearing it, and are willing to put on or take off almost anything that will change your luck.

So Peary now puts on an overcoat just like anybody else.

Statesmen have their little vanities, much the same as prima donnas. The other day James R. Mann, the republican floor leader, was carrying on a wordy joust with Oscar Underwood, the democratic leader.

In the midst of it, Rep. Carlin of Virginia, who was seated near Mann, jumped up to join the melee.

"Sit down!" Mann ordered him in a hoarse stage whisper: "you're not big enough to get into this!" And Carlin sank back into his seat with a gasp.

Sen. James Hamilton Lewis went into a barber shop the other day and while there the barber squirted a lot of perfume on him. It was particularly aromatic brand of perfume and seemed to have been made from calla lilies.

Within an hour after he emerged from the barber shop, Sen. Lewis had a call from a colored man.

All the time they were talking, the visitor kept looking about him and wrinkling up his face as if greatly distraught.

Lewis asked him what it was that seemed to be worrying him.

"I don't know what it is," said the colored man, "but the sump-in-around hyah that smells jes' like I was at a funeral."

Sen. Borah of Idaho seldom reads a book unless it fits into his reading "system." He maps out weeks in advance what he is going to read and if he picks up a book on theology when it is his week to read political economy, the theology has to wait its turn. Whenever he reads he places some sheets of paper and a pencil in his book and takes notes to help enrich the information on his mind. He remembers actual dates.

Although he reads a great deal from time to time by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

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and popularity of the system are among the marvels of modern transportation facilities.

It is hoped to find a prevention for tuberculosis in vaccination. Experiments by Dr. Calmette of Paris have encouraged a call for a fund of \$400,000 to continue them.

Makes assimilation perfect, healthy blood, firm muscles, strong nerves. Quickens the brain, makes and keeps you well. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea has no equal. It's your health insurance. Conley Drug Store, Advt.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c. Advt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Away back in 1841 Old enough to remember those days? Still used for coughs and colds. Sold for 70 years. Ask Your Doctor.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

PERSONAL responsibility had a practical illustration on Christmas. An interurban car, loaded with people on their way to dinner was delayed 60 seconds because a woman neglected to properly fasten her hat on her head. The woman was riding in an automobile, the wind blew her hat off and she was on the car track. The motorman stopped his car, the passengers craned their necks and some of them wanted to know whatlin they were stopping there for.

THE reference to hats, strangely enough, recalls that occasionally a man is seen wearing a sealskin cap.

AND another thing, scientists should investigate the deficiency, whether mental or otherwise, who has the impulse to lift his hat to a woman but cannot get his hand higher than the edge of the brim.

Again the Hat. SIR: If that super-punctilious ass who started the fashion for men of pulling off the hat in that public omnibus, a passenger elevator, when ladies are present, is still living, I hope his ears will burn for the remainder of his days. Will not some one with authority call off the silly custom? The singular thing about it is that I feel foolish if I observe it, and uneasy if I don't.

WE observe a Paris physician is making a good deal of noise over the discovery of a living man with a quantity of his brain gone. Over here the living man with three-quarters of his brain gone, is no novelty.

It's How or Where You See It. (Indianapolis Star.) There is no dancing so refined. But that, if you will view it With evil active in your mind. You'll see some badness to it. So with this slandered tango thing; When decent people dance it. The nothing in its rhythmic swing To make one blush to chance it.

"A MAN'S task," said the lamented Lew Wallace, "is always light. His heart is light," and we might add, the lighter the task the lighter his purse.

AT this writing no cartoonist within the purview of our vision has pictured the president in the garb of a village fireman yelling his head off and frantically beating the air with his arms, but it is imminent.

THE best sentiment on friendship in the Christmas cards was written by Anne Archibald Miller, the South Bend poet and authoress: "Friendship is the very dignity of love! Even as the ray of light is one with the sun; nor could exist save that the sun exists—so is friendship

SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE. BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Father," Helen put her hand out with a detaining gesture.

Dr. Allen, who was at the door, came back to her bedside.

"Father," Helen put her hand out Warren before he left?"

"Why, what makes you ask that?"

"Because he said something about it. He didn't give any details—he merely said you had. Won't you tell me about it? I think I've a right to know."

"Why, daughter, there's not much to tell. Dr. Allen hesitated. 'I felt that I should talk things over with him while he was here, and I did.'

"And what did you say?" eagerly. "I said he father hesitated."

"Oh, you must tell me! What was your attitude—what was his?"

"Why, dear, I just told him I thought he should be more considerate of you, that you were very nervous and sensitive, and I was afraid you had not been very happy of late."

"What did he say?" She asked.

"And what did he say?" Helen half rose on her elbow in her eagerness.

"He said he realized that you were sensitive and perhaps he had not been as considerate as he should."

"And what else—what else did he say?"

"I don't remember, that was about all, I think."

"But he admitted that he had been inconsiderate? He did admit that?"

"Yes, he admitted that."

"And what else? He must have said something else."

Then, seeing the distress in her father's face, Helen paused. "Oh, I suppose I shouldn't have asked you this—I know I shouldn't. But he started to say something just before he left, that I've been wondering about ever since. He said I was to hurry and get well, and that we were going to begin over again, and he would try to—but just then mother came in. He didn't refer to it again, and I was afraid to. But I know he was going to say something about the future and that was the result of your talk. That's why I want to know just what he said—what his attitude was."

"He said very little," guardedly. "I can't remember just the words."

"But, at least, he didn't resent it—he didn't resent your speaking. It would be like him to freeze up and refuse to say anything."

"No, he didn't do that. He realized that I was in the right, that it was my duty to consider daughter's happiness."

Helen is curious.

"But how did you approach him? What did you say first? Oh, no; don't tell me. I didn't mean to ask that. I know I shouldn't quiz you in this way. And yet," with a half sob, "I can't help feel if I knew everything he said, and the way he said it—his attitude, the inflection of his voice—I would know, then whether he really loved me or not. Father, at least answer me this, do you think he loves me?"

"Why Helen, of course he loves you. You shouldn't let yourself doubt that."

"Then why haven't we been happier? Father, I've never talked to you before but now I want to. Tell me what is wrong. Has it been my fault? Could I have done differently? You must know how much I love him and if he loves me—then why have we drifted so far apart?"

"Daughter, you are asking me some very hard questions. As a physician, I have seen much of married life and married unhappiness. The eternal conflict of the sexes is a baffling thing."

"But you and mother? You've been happy? I don't think I ever heard you speak unkindly to her."

"Yes," his face lit up with tenderness. "We have been very happy. Our first year was sometimes a little stormy, but after that we seemed to

one with the love of God; nor could exist save as God's love exists. For friendship, in its dignity, changes not through cloud or sunshine—and and naught in all this changing world is thus—save God's love alone. I hold it close—and closer still—this dignity of friendship. It is the benediction of the love of God."

THE reappearance of D in The Pot convinces us that it pays to advertise.

The Naughty Girls. (Chicago Tribune.)

But there is a large, a very large number of girls among the 50,000 who went to work in the department stores because they needed jobs, and needed them bad.

REMINDS one of that old wheeze, the grocer's ad—"Eggs! Eggs! We want eggs, and want 'em bad!"

IT seems a little more like the good old fashioned winter of course, but isn't there such a thing as overdoing the antique?

Eugenic Love Song. (New York Sun.)

Stick out your tongue, my love, and let me see

Once more its pink, uncoated love—Eugenia, health maid, each day I bless

The hour when first you felt the pulse of me.

Behold the birthday gift I bring to thee:

A brand-new stethoscope! Ah, nothing less!

But oh, my dear, it gives me great distress

To see you eat hot muffins with your tea!

Loved one, I know no other dame or maid

Whose bony conformation equals thine!

And when thine adenoids are cured next year

And my rheumatic ghosts have all been laid,

Eugenia, love, the doc will make you mine;

But pray be careful of your diet, dear.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the latest thing in tunics convey the impression that the lamp shade might be utilized for more than one purpose.

Well Ira Wasn't Very Sharp. (Lebanon Pioneer.)

Ira Sharp lost a valuable cow last week from eating a box of paris green.

FINDING it difficult to decide on what to swear off?

WHY not take the easiest way? C. N. F.

HELEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, TALKS TO HER FATHER ABOUT WARREN.

understand and adjust ourselves to each other."

"That's what I've tried to do—to adjust myself to Warren. I don't ask that he adjust himself to me. I am willing to do it all. If only I could! But, somehow, when I try most, I seem only to irritate and repel him."

Where She Made a Mistake.

"Perhaps there is where you have made your mistake. Have you thought of that, Helen—that you may be giving too much? From what I have seen of Warren, I judge he is the type of man who would become satiated with a love that is too freely given. I know all the tenderness of your nature and how you crave affection. But, Helen, I believe you would receive more from Warren if you gave him less."

A faint flush crept into Helen's face and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"There, there, daughter, you know I don't want to hurt you. I know that was a hard thing to say. But you asked me if you had made any mistake."

"Then you believe that I have? And showed it too much? But I love him and I do love him! And oh, I can never see why I should not show it."

Her father shook his head sadly.

"My dear, many women before you have made that same cry. That is one of the hardest lessons a wife has to learn. Some never learn it—but I hope you may."

He tenderly smoothed back her hair and he rose to leave.

"Now, I can't let you talk any more. Try to sleep for a while. Remember that you have your strength to get back first of all."

TOSH WISE Says:

"While fishin' Zeke Friedmush found a floatin' bottle with th' name and address of a girl in it. That ain't what Zeke hoped to find in it."

HONOR GRAND OLD MAN

LONDON, Dec. 28.—Representatives of the British and foreign press gathered Saturday at Hall Barn, the country home of Lord Burnham, the "grand old man" of the British press, to present him with an address on the occasion of his 80th birthday Sunday. Lord Burnham is still active in his control of the daily Telegraph.

WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK

CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.
Sunday school officers and teachers for 1914 were installed at the First Church of the Brethren by the pastor, Rev. Clyde Horst. In his sermon, the pastor called attention to three watchwords for 1914: Jesus Christ, brotherhood and business. In explanation of the latter he said:

"Our's is the king's business. Our work should be put on a businesslike basis. No business should be more carefully managed than the business of saving souls."

The following teachers were installed: Primary, Mrs. M. C. Horst and Mrs. Soelner; girls' classes, Mrs. I. W. Jackson, Mrs. A. J. Austin, Mrs.

C. M. Wenger and Mrs. J. R. Kelley; boys' classes, D. E. Reed, Mrs. C. E. Bowman, Mrs. D. E. Reed and C. E. Steele; women's Bible class, Miss Cora V. Wise; men's Bible class, Rev. M. Clyde Horst; old people's classes, James Blake and Mrs. David Whitmer.

Builds you up physically and mentally keeps your digestive organs in conditions. regulates the bowels, cleanses the blood, helps you to perfect health. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea or Tablets, 25 cents. Conley Drug Store. Advt.

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All Garments, Furs, etc.
at Cost and Less
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To indicate you are a regular reader you must present Six Coupons like this one.

THE IMPERIAL EMBROIDERY OUTFIT is guaranteed to be the greatest collection and biggest bargain in patterns ever offered. The 160 patterns have a retail value of 10 cents each, or more than \$10.00 in all. Bring SIX Coupons and 68 cents to this office and you will be presented with One Complete Outfit, including Book of Instructions and one All Metal Hoop. The 68 cents is to cover duty, express, handling and the numerous overhead expenses of getting the package from factory to you.

N. B.—Out of Town Readers will add 7 cents extra for postage and expense of mailing.

If you believe in safety, cleanliness, convenience and economy in your home, you will use Electricity for lighting, heating and cooking.

Electricity has all the advantage and none of the disadvantages. It eliminates dust, dirt, smoke and labor.

Our offer to wire will continue for a short time only, so get your order in at once.

Remember the proposition—Wiring and fixtures at cost, with twelve months to pay for the job.